THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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EVA AND ARTHUR.

TO MY READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS, — I want sometimes to say things directly to you. I have ever so many things to thank you for. Your kind words come to me in so many ways that I feel assured of your love, and you cannot think how happy it makes me.

Then I get thinking, and I ask what I can do to deserve all this love, and what I can do to make all these dear young friends as happy as they make me.

If I had ordinary readers, it would not be much matter whether I looked or gave my best or not. But with *such* readers, I must put on my very best apparel, and give the very best that can come out of the very best minds and hearts.

Do ask your wise and good friends to help me all they can, so that I can help you. There are splendid friends of yours helping me now; but I want more of them.

You know it is not fair or right to give as yours what belongs to another, or to give what is another's without revealing the true ownership. I feel very much mortified to think that I did the latter last month.

I thought I would send you that "Sleepy Boy." Who owned him I didn't know, for there was no label on him when I found him. But I learned, after I had sent him to you, that he belonged to "The Nursery," and he ought to have been so labelled. "The Nursery" is so full of live, wide-awake things that it seems almost impossible that any thing "sleepy" could belong to it. I must give it credit, however, for what I have not among all *my* readers: one "Sleepy Boy."

I congratulate you on the arrival of summer. June is just the most beautiful month of all the year. The new foliage so freshly bright, the myriads of flowers, the sweet carolling of birds, all together make the earth seem almost like heaven. I wish I could go with you on your rambles over the fields and through the woods. Happy, full of life and beauty, just like this June month, may you always be.

It was my intention to give you a service and pieces suitable for a "Floral Festival." But I could not do it as I wished, for want of room; so I must content myself with hoping that you will all, somehow, celebrate in your Sunday Schools the floral season.

If you want pieces to recite, let me recommend to you Horace Smith's "Hymn to the Flowers," — "Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle!" James Montgomery's "Daisy," — "There is a flower, a little flower"; Longfellow's "Flowers," — "Spake full well in language quaint and olden"; James R. Lowell's "To the Dandelion"; Wordsworth's "Daffodils"; James G. Percival's "Three Flowers"; Mary Howitt's "The Use of Flowers"; Mrs. Hemans's "Dial of Flowers," and also, "Bring Flowers!" Besides these, there are other good pieces you can find.

Please learn all the beautiful poetry you can; and, then, never forget it. You will be very glad, when you are older, to have the good words in your minds, and the beautiful sentiments they express in your hearts.

THE DAYSPRING.

SUNDAY TALK.

"Now, aunty, you'll finish telling us about Mount Washington."

"It was an animated scene. I should have been glad of a second pair of eyes. A boy found a bit of rock brilliant with quartz. Cousin Lucy was glad to bring home her dull piece to show she'd conquered her fears. A lady gave me an Alpine plant, which I will show you. It is strangely small to have grown on that lofty mountain's side; but

the wind and weather could not hurt it because it clung so tight; just as a child's tender heart will not break, however storms beat upon it, so long as it trusts the All-Father's love.

"The car gave a sudden lurch on our return, and I fell my whole length. Cousin Lucy was so terrified that I promised not to stand up again without leave."

"She wasn't your mother?"

"When we've frightened any one, even unintentionally, we're bound to respect his fears. When the conductor heard that Cousin Lucy was timid, he said he ought to have known it, for he always took special care of the timid ones. He wanted her to manage the engine, 'as easy as a child,' he said; rather easier than some I fancy. She would not agree, though our fears were small going down. We had gone up safely, and we had been instructed as to what there was to fall back on in case of accident to the cog-wheel. To excite Cousin Lucy the conductor played pranks with the engine."

"Pranks?"

"Made it go faster. More than any thing seen from the summit, I enjoyed the descent. So, children, you'll find, it is not what you get, but the trying for it, or the rest after trying, gives the most pleasure."

"Yes, aunt," said Louisa, "just as last spring, it was the earning, not the money, made me most happy."

"As we went down, the car and the passengers seemed to vanish, and I was, as it were, floating in mid-air, a bird poised on his wings, a balloon soaring above the earth, face to face with God's handwriting on rolling cloud and steep mountain side, peering down fearful precipices, yet fearing no harm to my weak, helpless body. And this is the thought, dear children, for us to cherish, that just as 'our little baby' is safe on his mother's breast, so we are safe in the hollow of our Father's hand."

"Is that all?"

"All about Mount Washington. But I must tell you about a boy I met in the cars coming from New York that same fall. It seemed strange when I was fresh from the mountains, because his father, Rev. Starr King, loved the mountains as we love human beings. When you're older you must read how gloriously he describes them.

"Fritz told me of his life in San Francisco. He was proud of taking care of his mother on their long journey overland. His favorite study is arithmetic. He studies in Cornell's Primary. He helped me about the distances from town to town by referring to Hassam's Dime Table. We got so much acquainted that he shared my gingerbread; which he said was just like his grandmother's; who, I've no doubt, had a batch ready for his arrival.

"He showed me his little account-book, where he sets down his purchases of needles and tape for his mother, out of his weekly allowance of thirty-five cents. And I thought what a good way it was of teaching him to be exact in his dealings. He was a good skater; but having sprained one ankle four times, and the other once, he went last winter on the "Shreve" boy's velocipede, who accompanied him on parlor skates.

"Fritz has been a great traveller for his years. Sierra Nevada, and all the other Sierras, rolled liquid over his musical tongue. I wrote on the fly-leaf of his account-book, 'Fritz must have a diary for one of his Christmas presents.' But I shall not know if he did. Probably I shall not see him again.

"Fritz told me how his Sunday-school class sing four times during one session, recite their lesson, and listen to their teacher's reading. His favorite Sunday-school book

is 'Frankie's Birthday;' which I depend on reading, so as to see the kind of book Fritz likes."

"Is that all?" sighed Sarah.

"Not quite. He hummed some words over and over, and I wrote them down to amuse you."

"With a C and a sigh
And a Constanti
And a nople
And a pople
And a Constantinople."

"How like Ben!"

"Yes, boys are alike; yet, seldom does my heart go out as to this boy. But what charmed me most was not his bright open face and cheerful way, but his reply when I hoped he would grow up to be like his noble father, 'I'm afraid not, I'm so indolent.' I could have told him there was no danger of a child's failing, who saw his fault, and acknowledged it.

"And, now, dear children, our talk about the mountains is over; but we have not ascended their rugged sides in vain, if we have learned not only how grandly God has piled them up, but that in the midst of danger he protects us, comforts, and delivers.

E. P. C.

THE SAND-MAN.

FROM A GERMAN SONG-BOOK.

Two little boots I've on my feet,
With little soles so soft and neat;
With a little sack on my back I skip,
And, hush now! up the steps I trip;
And when I enter the chamber, there
The children are saying their evening prayer.

Two little grains of my very fine sand
I fling in their eyes with my gentle hand;
Then they go to sleep, and they sleep all night,
Safe in the watchful Father's sight.

Two little grains of my very fine sand
I strow in their eyes with my gentle hand,
And very short the night shall seem
To the good little child in his happy dream.

Now swiftly, softly, with staff and sack,
Downstairs again I must hurry back!
I cannot idle my time away,
I've many more children to see to-day;
They're nodding now, in their dream they smile,
And yet I've scarce opened my bag the while.

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

LINA'S ORANGES.

"LINA! Lina!" cried Kitty Raymond, running down the garden walk, with a small basket on her arm. Lina was curled up in the grape-arbor, deep in a fairy-tale. "See what Aunty has given us;" and Kitty lifted the cover, showing four large, deep-golden oranges.

Lina was equally pleased. "Oh, what beauties!" she said, as she took them up, one by one, and put them back in the basket.

"Shan't you eat yours now?" Kitty asked.

"Not just yet. I've almost finished this story, and I want to see how the princess gets home."

"Well, I wouldn't wait for that. It's all nothing, any way, you know."

"So are your oranges nothing after you've eaten them," returned Lina pleasantly, and she read on, while her sister enjoyed the golden fruit.

The story was just finished, when their mother came to the door, with the baby in her arms. He had on his little white coat,

and hat trimmed with blue, and was clapping his tiny hands, and shouting "Ide! Ide!"

"Will you draw baby in his carriage, Lina?" said their mother. "Kitty, I want you to try on your new dress."

"Yes, ma'am," said both the little girls; and Lina tucked her oranges into the carriage, while mamma settled baby, and fastened the strap securely in front of him.

"They'll seem all the nicer when I come home," thought Lina, "I shall be warm and thirsty."

She drew the little chaise carefully along the shady, pleasant street, baby laughing and crowing, with his hands full of buttercups.

Pretty soon she saw, coming down the hill, towards her, a young man, who had been working four or five weeks on her uncle's farm.

"There's Leonard!" she said to herself, in some surprise, "all dressed in his best, and his valise in his hand. Where can he be going?"

It never occurred to her that he was about to leave; for she knew her uncle's family liked him very much. He was honest and steady, quiet and gentlemanly in his manners, and always good-tempered. But, as Lina learned, when he stopped for a few moments at her pleasant "Good-morning, Leonard," he was obliged to give up farm-work, at least for the time, and return home. She knew he had a cough and pain in his side. Her father (who was a physician) had given him medicine; but Leonard could not endure the hard work of a farm, and must rest. Lina felt very sorry for him, especially as his home was in Nova Scotia, and, after coming so far, and having his fares to pay, he had lost his summer's work, and a place he liked.

She wished she could do something for him. A quick thought crossed her mind; "It isn't much," she said to herself, "but it's all I can do," and she took out her two bright oranges.

"Please take them," she said; "it's so warm to-day, you'll be thirsty in the cars. You like them, don't you?"

The pale, thin face brightened. "Thank you, Miss Lina," was answered earnestly; "I am very fond of them. You're very kind," — adding, as he bade her good-by, and shook the little hand she held out to him, —

"I'm coming back next year, to work for your uncle, if I live. They say they want me;" and he went his way.

Lina said nothing to any one about her oranges; but the day seemed to her clothed in still greater beauty, and to pass more pleasantly than usual. When Kitty said, —

"I wish we had some more oranges; they're so nice, — but the pleasure don't last any time," Lina's pleasure was as fresh as in the morning; and she knew she should always feel it, whenever she remembered, in years to come, the little kindness she had a chance to do.

A year went by, with its ingathering of autumn harvests, its winter snows, its fresh spring greenery; and summer's glory again mantled earth and sky. But Leonard did not come. He walked in green pastures, and rested beside still waters, in a land where summer never wanes. Lina had not thought, when she gave him her oranges, that it was the last opportunity she should ever have to be kind to him. But so it proved.

She and Kitty had eaten many an orange since then; and once they planted the seeds. They had two tiny trees, beautiful in their dark, glossy leaves of tender green.

Lina never thought it out in words, but she knew that her little seed of kindness had sprung up a green, ever-living plant, to gladden her all her life. M. O. J.

Thy word
IS A
LAMP
UNTO MY FEET,
AND A
LIGHT
UNTO MY
PATH.
PS. CXIX. 105.

For The Dayspring.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

II.

"God will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths."

THINK, my little friends, that you have not quite forgotten all of our talk last month about the planets, — Neptune, where it is so very, very freezing cold, and Vulcan, where the heat is so intense. "God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day of this earth, and the lesser light to rule the night. He made the stars also, and God saw that it was good." Shall we through the stars read more of God's "power and glory"?

The planets are not all of the same size; Mars is only one half as large as this Earth, whilst Jupiter, the largest, is more than eleven times greater; and the Asteroids are very much smaller than the other planets.

It is pleasant to us who live on this Earth to have the moon to give us light; but if we lived on some of the planets, we should have *no* moon, and the nights would be brightened only by the faint rays of the stars. If you will ask some kind friend to point out to you *Jupiter*, — which shines so brilliantly among the "starry hosts," — will you, as you look at it, remember that God has made *four* moons to revolve around it, and to add to its glory. *Uranus* has *six* moons; whilst Saturn, which looks to our eyes so small and insignificant, has *eight* moons and *three* brilliant rings, all reflecting light upon the planet.

When you are riding in a carriage or railcar, or sailing in a boat or vessel, you sometimes forget that *you* are moving all the time; because it seems as if you were still in one place, and as if the trees, fences, houses, &c., were in motion. Now if you look at the sun and the stars, it ap ears as if *they* were all running around this Earth, and that the Earth alone was standing still. For a great many, many years, people all believed this to be true; and perhaps at some time I will tell you about those persons who found out that the Earth itself was moving around the Sun. The Earth revolves around the Sun in a year; and this distance is so great that *every hour* the Earth goes *sixty-eight thousand* miles! And whilst the great God is thus guiding it in safety, year after year, and century after century, He also gently and *without sound* turns it round and round each day on its axis, so that each part shall in turn be lighted by the Sun and have daylight, and then have the darkness of night.

Remember that the *Moon* is also constantly revolving around this Earth, even whilst the Earth is moving so rapidly around the Sun, and it moves two thousand two hundred and fifty miles every hour.

When the great God created or made this Earth, He surrounded it with the atmosphere, or *air*, which is so necessary to the life of men, of animals, and of trees and plants. We do not perceive that the air about us has any color; but when we look upwards on a clear, bright day, we say there is "blue sky," because then we look up through about forty miles of air; and such a vast quantity together yields the deep blue which is so pleasant to behold.

If you should ascend in a balloon, you would find the air gradually becoming thinner and thinner, so that you would breathe with great difficulty, the cold would grow more and more intense, and the sky less blue.

Who can learn all of God's wondrous works?

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky;
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

"The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does the Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

"Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'"

* * *

BIRDIE'S MORNING SONG.

WAKE up, little darling, the birdies are out,
And here you are still in your nest;
The laziest birdie is hopping about,
You ought to be up with the rest:
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

Why, here I've been singing an hour or more
The sweetest that ever I knew;
The gold of the morning peeps in at the door,
I know it is looking for you:
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

Oh, see what you miss when you slumber so long, —
The dew-drops and beautiful sky!
I couldn't sing half what you lose in my song;
And yet not a word in reply?
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

The leaves and the grasses are twinkling in glee;
The brook and the sweet baby-rill
Are calling a welcome to you and to me,
And here you are slumbering still:
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

I've sung myself quite out of patience with you,
While mother bends o'er your dear head;
Now birdie has done all that birdie can do,
Her kisses will wake you instead!
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

Appleton's Journal.

For The Dayspring.

A TALK ABOUT BOSTON.

BY C. A. LYNDE.

REDDIE GRAY, a boy about nine years of age, was standing at the study window just at dusk, watching the people returning to their homes after their day's labor. Suddenly he turned to his grandmother, who was quietly knitting before the bright coal fire, and said, "I wonder how Boston looked before anybody lived here, and how anybody ever happened to come here to live. Do you know, grandma?"

"Well, as to how it looked, Freddie, there was but little to be seen beside hills and water. But, if you would like to know how anybody ever happened to come here to live, I'll tell you while we are waiting for your papa to come."

"Oh, goody! I will get my little rocking-chair, and sit close beside you. There! now I'm ready. Begin 'way, 'way back, — ever so far, — won't you, grandma?"

"Yes, dear; I'll try to. I told you last summer, when you went to Plymouth, about the Pilgrims, — the people who first settled there."

"Yes," said Freddie; "I know about them. Did they settle Boston too?"

"Oh, no! But ten years after they landed at Plymouth, in the year 1630, another colony of about fifteen hundred persons, men, women, and children, came to this country. They settled in different places along our coast. Some went to Charlestown; but, finding the water there so bad as to cause sickness and death, the governor of the colony sent men out to seek a better place. For several years previous small

parties had arrived; and one of their number, William Blackstone, a man of learning, had built himself a snug little cottage, and was living in a place called by the Indians Shawmut. He sent word to the colony that there was plenty of good water in Shawmut, and invited them to settle near him; which they concluded to do, and soon had their families and goods removed, and were busily preparing for future comfort."

"But, grandma, where did they get any thing to build their houses with, if there were not any stores? Did the Indians let them have things?"

"Among their number were blacksmiths, carpenters, and men of many trades. They brought tools and materials necessary to their comfort with them."

"Did these men call it Boston?"

"Yes, dear. They called it *Trimount* at first, because of its three hills, — Fort, Beacon, and Copp's. They were high hills, or mounts, then. Afterwards, in remembrance of Boston, England, where they had many kind friends, they gave it its present name. It was a small place in those days, Freddie. Much that is now land, built over with handsome buildings, was then water. At high tide Boston had the appearance of two islands; for the water washed over what we call the *Neck*, and down Hanover Street, near Union Street, making two islands. A short time after the colony settled here, a fire broke out and destroyed two houses. The roofs were covered with thatch, so of course they burned easily. Now, there were no fire-engines in those days, so what do you suppose they did?"

"No engines!" exclaimed Freddie. "What did they do?"

"Every house was provided with a ladder to reach the top, a pail, and a swab."

"A what, grandma?"

"A swab, my dear. It was something like a large mop, which was used to quench fires. And when beyond their control, they had to tear the buildings down, or blow them up with gunpowder."

"Pooh! that was a mean way. I'm glad they don't have to do so now. But go on, please. Tell me some more."

"I remember how my grandfather used to amuse us by calling the streets by their old names. He said he liked them best. Federal Street was once *Long Lane;* Court Street was *Queen Street;* State Street was *King Street;* High Street was *Cow Lane;* Boylston Street was *Frog Lane;* and Devonshire Street was *Pudding Lane.*"

"Oh, my! what queer names," said Freddie, laughing. "How funny to go down *Pudding Lane* to papa's office! What did they call Washington Street?"

"They called it *Orange Street* south of Boylston Street; *Newbury* from there to Winter Street; *Marlboro'* to School Street; and the rest *Cornhill.* It was afterward called Washington Street, in honor of a visit from General Washington. About four years after the settlement of Boston, the inhabitants bought part of Mr. Blackstone's land, and laid it out as a training field and a pasture for their cattle. Afterward more land was purchased, and now it is our beautiful Common. Every year, as the town increased, buildings were added They had a town house where the old State House stands. Their Governor's House was opposite the *Old South.* While on the corner of what was then Common Street (now Tremont) and Park was a large granary, a building large enough to store twelve thousand bushels of grain. It was stored there by a committee appointed by the town, and sold to the poor in small quantities.

"In the year 1704, one hundred and sixty-eight years ago, the first newspaper was published. It was called the 'Boston

Newsletter.' You can scarcely realize, Freddie, can you, the time when Boston had but *one* newspaper, and no horse-cars, and was such a small place? From year to year it has been progressing, till now we have our beautiful, flourishing, city.

"I hear your papa's voice in the hall, and there's the bell calling us to supper. Let me knit into the middle of my needle, and then we'll go down."

STOLEN PROPERTY.

"I KNOW all about Saidee's birthday party, for all she tried to keep it such a secret," said Lottie Mills, with a look of triumph.

"How did you find out?" I asked.

"Why, you see, Josie and I were reading a story under the elm-tree this afternoon, and Saidee came and sat in the window with Carrie Richards, and they talked it all over, and we heard every word. She's going to have"—

"Stop, stop! do you suppose I want to share any stolen property?"

"Stolen property, auntie? Why, we didn't listen; we couldn't help hearing, for she talked right out loud."

"That's very true, but she didn't know you were there, so you have no right at all to her secret. A listener is like a pick-pocket, who creeps up and steals your secrets slyly; and you are like a person who sees another drop a purse in the street and picks it up. If you took the money and used it when you knew it was not yours, would you be any more honest than if you had taken it right out of a man's pocket?"

"Why, no, auntie! of course I should give it back."

"Or if you could not give it back at once, you would keep it safely till you could. That is just what you should do with secrets when people drop them accidentally, and you pick them up. You have no more business to use them than you would have to use money which you got in the same way."

"I believe that is so, auntie; and I won't say a word about that party to any one."

Early Days.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMIDT.

IN a time of famine a rich man allowed twenty of the poorest children in the town to come to his house, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it, and come again at the same hour every day till God sends better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, struggled and fought over the bread, because each wished to have the largest and best loaf, and then they went away without a word of thanks to their friend.

But Francesca, a little girl, meanly though neatly dressed, stood at a distance, and gratefully took the loaf that was left in the basket, which was the smallest; then she kissed the good man's hand, and went quietly home.

The next day the children were just as naughty and ill-behaved, and this time there was left for poor Francesca a loaf that was hardly half as large as the others. But when she reached home, and her mother cut the bread, there fell out a number of new pieces of silver. The mother was frightened, and said, "Take back the money this moment, for it is certainly in the bread by mistake." Francesca took it back.

But the kind man said, "It is no mistake, my good child; I had the money baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward you. Be always as contented and yielding as you now are. He who is contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the largest, will receive abundant blessings."

The Children's Prize.

NELLIE AND HER PUSSY.

EVA AND ARTHUR.

ARTHUR'S mother taught him a little prayer, which he used to say every night, kneeling at her side.

His mother had told him about the good Father in Heaven, and Arthur had learned to love him, and he loved morning and evening to pray to him.

While Arthur was still a little boy, his mother was taken sick. Arthur then knelt by her bedside, and said there his little prayer; and he would pray, too, that God would make his dear mother well.

But his mother grew sicker and sicker, and in a few days died. Arthur no longer had a mother on earth. He cried as if his little heart would break. He wanted to go to heaven, too, to be with her.

Then Eva, his sister, only four years older than himself, took him in her arms and comforted him. She felt very lonely herself, and she could hardly keep the tears back. But her mother had asked her to take good care of her little brother, and now she felt in her heart that she must try to be a mother to him as well as sister.

It must have made her mother happier even in heaven to see how she loved him and how she tried to have him do just as his mother had taught him.

Every night now he kneels at her side and says the same little prayer; and then Eva puts him to bed and gives him his good-night kiss.

They have long talks sometimes about their mother, and the heaven where she has gone; and it seems as if her spirit was near them making them happy.

See how womanly Eva looks, though she is still but a little girl. She has to think more than other little girls, and has to care so much for Arthur, that it makes her sometimes look serious. But she can play just as hard as any little girls; and sometimes she and Arthur have great frolics.

The children have a good father, but he is so busy that he cannot be with them as much as he wishes to. It makes him very happy to know that they are both so good, and that Eva can always be trusted to take care of Arthur.

Here is Arthur's Prayer:—

My dear Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for taking care of me to-day, and making me so happy. I thank Thee for my dear father and mother, and my dear sister, and all my dear friends. Please to take care of them all, and to take care of me to-night. Make me a good boy. May I always be kind and loving, and never do any thing wrong. May Jesus and all the good angels love me. Amen.

NELLIE AND HER PUSSY.

PUSSY knows what Nellie is bringing. See how still she sits and watches the bowl. It is so full of milk that Nellie has to hold it very carefully. She is getting it steady, so that she can put it down, and not spill the milk.

As soon as Nellie sets down the bowl, pussy will lap up the milk very fast, and will say just as plainly as a pussy can, "I thank you, little girl."

For The Dayspring.

A CITY OF CHURCHES.

MAMMA had been away several days, and the children missed her sadly, though the dear auntie in whose care they were left did all that she could to supply their mother's tender thoughtfulness; but who can fill a mother's place?

"Mamma will be here to-night," said Nellie; "Mamma will be here to-night," repeated Luly, after her sister; "Mamma will be here to-night," echoed bright-eyed little Harry; and all together they shouted, "Mamma will be here to-night!"

Sure enough, the evening train brought the dear mamma, who had been away from her darlings almost a week; and it would be hard to tell which was the happiest, mamma or the children, in being together again. The children knew that mamma would tell them pleasant stories about all which she had seen while she was away, and they began asking her questions about it before she was fairly in the house. But it was getting late for little children to be out of bed. The birds had ceased their songs, and the chickens were asleep under their mother's wings. And soon our little friends also were safe in bed, and mamma had thanked the dear Father in heaven that he had kept them all safe from harm, and brought her home to them again; and she had asked him to keep them safe also from sin, and bring them together into the heavenly home. Then she kissed them "good-night" and left them; and soon the Angel of Sleep came and touched their eyes and ears, and they knew nothing more till they saw the bright sun shining in at their chamber window the next morning.

After breakfast, when Baby Harry was taking his forenoon nap, and mamma was busy with her sewing, and Nellie sat by her side hemming a handkerchief for papa, and little Luly was cutting a newspaper into long, narrow strips to be rolled into lamplighters, mamma asked the children if they would like to have her tell them about a very strange city which she saw while she was away. They said "yes," of course, for they were sure their mother would tell them nothing which it would not be pleasant to hear. The city was a city of churches, with now and then a plain house; instead of a city of houses, with now and then a church. There were no streets, as in most cities, but each building seemed to have been placed without any regard to the others. The churches were all very much alike, painted brown, with white pillars in front, and a white spire; and what seemed very strange was, that they were occupied every day, and the inmates went in and out at all hours and seemed to live in them.

"But where did they go to church Sundays?" asked little Nellie.

"I don't think they went to church at all," said mamma; "but they seemed to praise God at all times and in all places, sing-

ing their sweet songs alike in sunshine and in shower." Mamma said she was told that very early every morning, when the day first began to dawn, they sang all together in full chorus, filling the air with sweet melody.

Little Luly asked if they did their cooking in their churches: and mamma told her there was no cooking to be done, and no need of any fire; for the Good Father gave them every day food convenient for them, and such as was suited to their taste. This they picked up from the ground, or gathered from the trees.

"Why, mamma, what do you mean?" said both the children. "What queer people they must have been!"

Mamma did not answer this question, but said: "There is one thing more which I will tell you. The houses and churches had no foundations, and were not built upon the ground, but on the branches of trees, oftentimes several in a single tree."

"O mamma! that isn't a true story, is it?" asked both the little girls, in a breath.

"Yes, it is a true story," said mamma; "only there were birds instead of people, and the little churches were bird-houses. And the birds didn't pay money for rent, as people do who live in houses which they have not built themselves; but they sang songs instead, and ate up the little insects which would otherwise have eaten the leaves and flowers. So even the little birds were doing their part in the world's work, and were busy and happy all the day long.

M. L. B.

FLOWER-VOICES.

HARK! the lilies whisper
Tenderly and low:
"In our quiet hollows
See how fast we grow!"
Thus the heavenly Father
Cares for all below.

Hark! the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story
Of the love of God
In the Rose of Sharon,—
Jesus Christ, the Lord.

Buttercups and daisies,
And the violets sweet;
Flowers of field and garden,—
All their voices meet,
And their Maker's praises
To our souls repeat.

Let us, then, be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below.
Look upon the lilies!
See how fair they grow!

Children's paper.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"PLEASE to help me a minute, sister."

"Oh, don't disturb me; I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I emphatically; and my little brother turned away, with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a wind-mill, and, as soon as he came home, his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jack-knife, and now it needed only putting together to complete it, and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of this in the fifteen minutes after he had left, and the book gave me no

pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness; for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him and afforded him the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. Yet I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!"

His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him; and sure enough, on the roof of the wood-house was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill, and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of any unkind word; and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten, and muscles relax; and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no!" replied he. "It seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added: —

"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me to fix it, and you were reading, and told me you could not? But it did not make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly these words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened!

How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed his eyes, once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart.

He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but his little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old wood-shed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember the lost little Frank, and I remember, also, the thoughtless, the unkind words.

Liberal Christian.

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing.

"Elegant, massa; you look bold as a lion."

"Bold as a lion, Pompey? How do you know? You never saw a lion."

"Oh, yes, massa; I seed one down to Massa Jenks', in his stable."

"Down to Jenks', Pompey? Why, you great fool! Jenks hasn't a lion; that's a jackass."

"Can't help it, massa; you look just like him."

A LITTLE boy had a colt and a dog; and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him, "just to see what he would say," to give them one or both of his pets. One day, he told a gentleman present he might have his colt, reserving the dog, much to the

surprise of his mother, who asked, "Why, Jacky! why didn't you give him the dog?"

"Say nothin', say nothin', mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him!"

BOOK NOTICES.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN THOUGHT. — The ten discourses delivered last winter by prominent Unitarian clergyman are now published by the Unitarian Association, under the above title. These discourses bring out in a strong light the essential truths of Christianity, and are in the direction of the best thought of the time. Each discourse is worth more than the price of the book.

PANSIES. — A charming little book by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, published by James R. Osgood & Co. Pansies "for thoughts." Sweet and helpful are the thoughts that these poems so gracefully express.

Puzzles.

8.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in woman, but not in girl;
My second is in hair, but not in curl;
My third is in town, but not in state;
My fourth is in soon, but not in late;
My fifth is in which, but not in what;
My sixth is in powder, but not in shot;
My seventh is in fence, but not in post;
My eighth is in stew, but not in roast;
My ninth is in lemon, but not in rind;
My tenth is in quality, but not in kind;
My eleventh is in ride, but not in walk;
My twelfth is in whisper, but not in talk;
My thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth are in hand, but not in foot;
My sixteenth is in smoke, but not in soot;
My seventeenth is in ear, but not in eye;
My eighteenth is in star, but not in sky;
My last is in singer, but not in sing;
My whole are three readers of the "Dayspring."

S. K. Y., *Meadville, Penn.*

9.

DOUBLE BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. God's word of patience *thou* hast kept, this shall be thy reward,
   He in temptation's hour to thee will needful strength afford. — (Rev. iii.)
2. No curse of thorn or thistle marred *that* garden's beauty bright,
   Where wandered holy innocence in love's unclouded light. — (Gen. ii.)
3. The heathen *king*, whom Samuel, with righteous hand, did slay,
   Which faithless Saul refused to do, nor would God's word obey. — (1 Sam. xv.)
4. Migrating *hence* to distant land, when persecution came,
   Soon as they reached that foreign strand, they preached the Saviour's name. — (Acts, xi.)
5. Without the city, by the well, *he* stood in silent prayer,
   And, as he prayed, God's answering love sent forth the damsel fair. — (Gen. xxiv.)

Great are the blessings that my *first* convey;
And all my *last* should seek to put away.

The Family Friend.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

7. — THE DAYSPRING.

8. — 1. Corinth; * 2. Athens; 3. Berea; 4. Derbe; 5. Antioch; 6. Nain.

* In a part of the edition last month, there was a misprint, — *as* being put for *or*.

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